

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER XXXII.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

*The History of*

GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

(*In continuation.*)

IN the meantime, Martuccio was continuing the conflict, and with the rashness of despair, appeared to be resolved upon death. It was in vain that the capt. of the corsair made him the offer of his life; Martuccio returned no other reply, than that they could not dispose of what they had not yet gained. Courage, however, was fruitless against such an unequal force; Martuccio was at length disarmed and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life; Martuccio again refused. One of the Infidels, irritated by the continuance of his obstinacy, raised his sabre to cleave his head, but his arm was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the captain of the vessel. Hamet was of a character not unusual amongst barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Martuccio had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was, perhaps, owing to this favourite prejudice of his enemy. Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate, "Why would thou kill a braver man than thyself," said he. Then turning to Martuccio—"Christian (said he) thy courage shall redeem thee; you shall live, because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our Prophet require that you shall have the choice, of slavery or our faith.

Embrace the religion of Mahomet, and Hamet shall be henceforth your friend, brother, and protector."

Martuccio was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the address of the pirate. Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of his own attendants, and commanded him to be carried into his own cabin. They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of the lading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew into the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their return to Tunis. As the wind was favourable, they reached the port within a few days.

Hamet, upon entering the harbour, gave a general discharge of the arms of his vessel, and as the Venetian ship was a sufficient evidence of the success of his voyage, he was saluted by the guns of the castle. Tunis was at that time governed by a Dey of the name of Soliman; Hamet, therefore, no sooner arrived, than he attended the court of the Dey, and having conducted Martuccio with him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

"He has a liberal presence, Hamet, (said the Dey) and appears unfit for ordinary servitude."

"It was this, (replied Hamet,) which has led me to think him worthy of the service of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance." Hamet here related his rash re-

sistance to their boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention, and apparent approbation to this narrative, and in the course of it had thrown some favourable looks upon its subject. He now demanded of Martuccio if he understood the language of the Moors of Tunis. Martuccio replied, that his nurse had been a Moorish slave, and that he could speak it with the readiness of a native. "I perceive it, (replied the Dey). I accept you, therefore, as the attendant upon my own person. Hamet, I accept your present, and shall return it with the gratitude which it merits." Hamet bowed and retired.

Thus did Martuccio become the slave of the Dey. This was the most pleasing circumstance which had occurred to him since his captivity, nor was he rendered so stupid by his calamity but that he acknowledged this incident as an unexpected good fortune. His hopes of liberty were not so desperate as in the more private servitude of Hamet. His service was not burthensome; it was little more than attendance upon the person of the Dey; his memory, however, still presented to him the image of his lost Gostanza. To what purpose, said he, should I now recover my liberty; the Captain, my friend, is dead; my ducats have become the prey of the pirates; Gostanza, therefore, is lost for ever.

In this manner did Martuccio consume the days and nights of his captivity; his former hopes were now succeeded by a more unreasonable despondency; he did not reflect that the designs of the Being who governs the fate of our lives, were seldom accomplished but by indirect

means, and that a happy event was sometimes never so near as when to our more limited sight it appeared at the greatest distance.

It is now, however, time to return to Gostanza. We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the efforts of their oars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by this means had returned to Lipari. The report of the death of Martuccio was immediately spread, and arrived, after some interval, at the ears of Gostanza. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the receipt of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she only recovered from disease to sink into a state of the most gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not, however, thus operate upon the mind of Gostanza. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide. There cannot, indeed, be a severer grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers; it is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul; it is no sooner, therefore, destroyed, than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity, a dreary void. The wound of love, thus torn asunder, is beyond the remedy of consolation; the soul is occupied only with the indulgence of its grief, and averts with still greater horror from every offered relief. Such was the gloomy state of Gostanza, and such is that of any other under the influence of the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous to the eyes of her friends, in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition; her features now had lost their hitherto never absent smile, her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair. In vain, however, did her

father attempt to divert her despair; Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fault but that of advance, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain; in vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade; Gostanza, indeed, attended the scene of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror; her countenance had an air of melancholy, and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well; she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth, when she broke forth into a passion of tears.

"Gostanza, my child," said Lysimachus, "whence this fruitless grief? why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? can nothing console you for the loss of a lover but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Gostanza, for I cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years; I have buried your mother, and all of my children, except yourself; the mercy of Heaven, as I fondly thought, has left you for the prop of my age and life; will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? will you deprive me of the only comfort which my adversity has left me? will you thus become your own executioner? It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but will this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation, is this, I say, a less effectual mode of self-destruction? Your youth, your hitherto celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preser-

vation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are falling to the earth in the very opening of your charms. Martuccio is indeed dead, but your father survives. Gostanza, my child, restrain your tears, live for your father, if not for yourself; live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysimachus were ineffectual; Gostanza would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment, retired thro' a glass door into the adjoining garden. The pleasure grounds of Lysimachus were planted with a beauty and magnificence agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea, and a walk descended from the house to the margin of the waters. Gostanza had now entered into this path, and following, perhaps insensibly, the impulse of her grief, had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her mind the fate of her lost lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections, that she was several times upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding both her life and misery. A conscience, early impressed with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose, and even this, perhaps, might have been insufficient, had not an object diverted her attention, and inspired a new resolution. The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where Gostanza was standing. Gostanza, in the wildness of her despair, entered this boat; and raising the mast and sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and forced it forward into deeper water. The wind happened to blow from the shore, the vessel, therefore, soon gained the main sea. Gostanza here threw away the oars and rudder, and surrendered herself to the chance of the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor indeed purpose, than that of being over-

set by the wind, or driven upon some rock, and thus, without an act of her own hand, arriving at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Gostanza.

(To be Continued.)

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

#### SELF GOVERNMENT.

WHAT is there in the bosom which leads us wrong directly in opposition to the suggestions of our reason? We know the right path, and wish secretly to pursue it, but are misguided, and stray. We are early apprised of the wrong—condemn, and resolve to avoid it, but the first temptation seduces us away, and leads us, like the deluded traveller who pursues the *ignis fatuus*, over bogs and briars, to some dangerous pitfall, or to the edge of a terrible and destructive precipice. The delusive meteor, which sports with man in the journey of life, is his vicious affections. He wanders through wilds wherever they lead, and though bleeding every moment afresh from the wounds of the thorny way, still goes on, impelled, as it were, by irresistible necessity.

But, however far we may have strayed from the right path, it is never wholly out of our power to regain it. Painful, indeed, the effort to return—and toilsome the exertion to re-ascend the hill of virtue—but we have always this to stimulate our courage, that of the two ways, the right one is certainly the best and most pleasant, for it leads to happiness. But even re-established in virtue, we are still in danger, and still must we be active and vigilant. We are in life as the waterman, rowing against the stream, and we surely go down, if we relax our oars. Never can we be secure from even immediate harm, until we have acquired over ourselves a perfect command. On the one hand, we shall be tempted by appetites, desires, and the dazzling phantoms of a wild imagination; on the other, we shall

be driven from our way by the goadings of discontent, or hurried into error by the violence of passion. Never can we hope for security, until we have so completely subdued the propensities of the heart, that we can silence every commotion of the bosom by the first attempt, and guide the mind to any subject, at the first call of prudence. When by a single whisper of reason we can in a moment quell the refractory passions of the heart, then, and not till then, shall we be able to judge of every thing in life, with all the accuracy of right—our bosom will then be tranquil, whatever may befall us; neither unlooked for good, will raise in it the tumult of joy, nor unexpected evil disturb it with ungovernable sorrow. Like beings of a more exalted, a purer nature, we can look on the one with generous indifference, and smile on the other with untroubled serenity.

#### ON PEACE OF MIND.

IS there any thing to be obtained from the world, that is more important than peace of mind? If there is, let it be named. My conscience is her confessor. Yet have I been an aspirer after fame—have enjoyed it too. I have been loved, and possessed both wealth and friends. The one has loaded me with cares, the other with anxiety: yet I wish to enjoy as much of them all as I can, temporarily: but there is so much to be sacrificed to the frivolous manners of the day, such form to be observed, and so many extraneous circumstances (some ridiculous, others immoral) to be attended to, that frequently, in my own despatch, I am forced to to incarcerate myself, and never walk abroad but from necessity.

Here is the fruitful cause of infelicity; we act according to the phases of opinion; a guide that shines not from its own stores: it is an an opaque focus for the rays of absurdity, and thence they are reflected. Arian hath preserved no sentence that redounds more to the credit of

his instructor, than this: "When, upon mature deliberation, you are persuaded a thing is fit to be done, do it boldly, and do not affect privacy in it; nor concern yourself at all what impertinent censures, or reflections, the world will pass upon it: for if the thing be not just and innocent, it ought not to be attempted at all, though never so secretly; and if it be, you do very foolishly to stand in fear of those who will themselves do ill in censuring and condemning what you do well."

REMARK.—Idleness is a great step towards misery and guilt. Idleness is like a race of Savages or Indians, who, having no determined or regular system, overspread and depopulate the neighbouring nations; on the contrary, when one's time is employed in business, the mind resembles a well regulated commonwealth, where, from a confinement to our avocation, matter rolls on in a regular channel. As a river confined by high banks, must necessarily be progressive.

HUMAN curiosity, though at first slowly excited, being at last possessed of leisure for indulging its propensity, becomes one of the greatest amusements of life, and gives higher satisfaction than what even the senses can afford. A man of this disposition turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder and surprise, and built up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment; he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal; and when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new enquiries.

[Gladwin.]

PERHAPS the best remark that ever fell from a Cynic, is contained in this happy and forcible similitude of Diogenes. "Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect to live agreeably to the standard of it, are like a harp, which yields a sound pleasing to others, while itself neither hears, nor is sensible of the music."



For the Lady's Miscellany.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 7.

SIR,

HAVING lately met one of your useful and entertaining miscellanies, wherein a husband complains of his wife neglecting her family, to indulge a newly acquired passion for poetical composition; it occurred to me that your press, with your permission, would be a convenient medium, through which to admonish my husband, for conduct that operates very injuriously to the interest and happiness of his family.

I have not to complain, sir, of his sacrificing his time to poetical or other composition, nor that a religious or political mania causes him to absent himself from home, on the contrary, he is seldom from his own house; this to him is his castle, where he commands with despotic sway. We have been blessed with a number of children of both sexes, in the education of whom, he and I have often differed; yet although a woman, I have frequently urged him to obtain for them those solid acquirements that would hereafter make them useful to themselves, their friends, and society, instead of paying so much attention to their external appearance, by expending what would be better appropriated to their tuition, on the purchases of shewy and superfluous dresses. But we lived comparatively happy, till my two eldest girls attained the ages of fourteen and fifteen—their appearance was promising and pleasing to a parental eye; they have a tolerable share of beauty, and are not unamiable in their dispositions, but unfortunately for them, these qualities, instead of increasing my husband's affection for them, has metamorphosed him from a father into a rigorous goaler and spy upon their conduct. He appears to have adopted as an axiom, that our sex is as naturally inclined to depravity, as sparks to fly upwards; he therefore interdicts them from having

any female companions of similar age and situation in life, lest they should corrupt their morals or manners. As for acquaintances of the other sex, they are closely watched, to prevent them from forming any: they are seldom permitted to walk out, except in their father's company, or that of some old married gentleman. When some respectable young men have spoken in terms of praise of them, in presence of their father, he has grossly insulted them, and when informed of young men of most unimpeachable characters and good standing in life, being desirous of paying their addresses to one or other of them, he has threatened to treat them with violence, should they attempt it. Yet he not only allows the girls whatever articles of dress they desire, but he often voluntarily buys them the most becoming and fashionable apparel. Formerly they were of considerable use to me in a domestic way, and I had been anticipating that they would relieve me of the greater part of my household business, when my husband insisted they should do nothing to injure their hands; he even prohibited them from doing much needle-work, lest they should acquire the habits and appearances of mechanical girls, such as milliners, mantua-makers, &c. but he admits them to read novels, and particularly introduces those whose heroines have by their beauty obtained husbands of great wealth and elevated rank. Here is the solution of this strange mixture of false indulgence, and extraordinary restriction!—Instead of endeavouring by active industry to acquire a competency for his family, he spends much of his time in building castles in the air, and speculating upon the advantages he may derive from the marriages of his daughters. To you, Mr. Editor, I must confess that if he persists in this conduct, I fear that one or both of two evils may occur: either my poor girls may be made victims to age and avarice, or to avoid it they may be induced to throw themselves, indiscriminately, into the arms of worthless and improper characters. Indeed, I am constantly ap-

prehensive that some such misfortune as the latter, will result from their present state of confinement. It is in hopes that my husband may reflect on this that occasions my troubling you with my complaints; from their publication he may see that you think with me, for he has so poor an opinion of mine or any other female's understanding, that he would give no ear to my remonstrances on any part of his conduct. He has other eccentricities that you will certainly disapprove of, and which I should be happy to see corrected. He is a stranger in the bosom of his family; he seldom condescends to accompany them at a meal, and he never converses with them like a father who would wish to improve his children's minds with his advice and information; on the contrary, he will sit whole days and evenings by himself, in winter by the fire, and in summer in the shade, totally unemployed. In the hope that this may have some good effect,

I am sir,  
Your humble servant,  
ALBERTINA VON SHARE.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

I have transcribed the following instance of Superstitious Credulity, for publication in the Lady's Miscellany.—By giving it a place, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

A widow lady, aged about sixty-two, who lodged in a two-pair-of-stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, with only a maid-servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day in her devotions, before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighbouring church. Some villains, observing her extreme bigotry, resolved (as she was known to be very rich) to share her wealth: therefore, one of them took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and when no person but the old lady was in church, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before

her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle; which she was more confirmed in when she saw it was signed Paul the Apostle; and purported, "The satisfaction he received by her addressing her prayers to him, at a time when so many new canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of great part of their wonted adoration: and, to shew his regard for his devotee, said, he would come from Heaven, with the angel Gabriel, to sup with her, at eight in the evening." It is scarce credible to think any one should be deceived by so gross a fraud; but to what length of credulity will not superstition carry the weak mind!—The infatuated lady believed it all; and rose from her knees in a transport, to prepare the entertainment for the heavenly guests she expected.

When the supper was bespoke, and the sideboard set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate (which was worth near four hundred pounds sterling) did not make so elegant a shew as she desired; therefore sent to her brother, (who was a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris) to borrow all his plate; but charged the maid not to tell the occasion, but only, that she had company to supper, and should be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate that evening. The counsellor was surprised at the message; and, as he knew the frugality of his sister's way of life, suspected that she was enamoured with some fortune hunter, who might marry her for her fortune, and thereby deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death; therefore he absolutely refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests she expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, replied, "that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but that St. Paul had sent her a letter from Heaven, that he and the Angel Gabriel would come to supper with her, and that her mistress wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as

possible." The Counsellor, who knew the turn of his sister's mind, immediately suspected some villains had imposed on her: and sent the maid directly with the plate, while he went to the Commissary of the Quarter, and gave him this information. The magistrate went with him to an house adjoining, from whence they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man, in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to the widow's apartment. The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Foot Guard (the guards of Paris) to post themselves on the stairs, while he himself knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The old lady replied, that she had company, and could speak to nobody. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel, how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door; when the Commissary, her brother, and the Guard, rushing in, presented their muskets, and seized her guests, whom they immediately carried to the Châtellet.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the feigned Angel. Three days after, their trial came on, when, in their defence, they pleaded, that one was a soldier of the French Foot Guards, and the other a barber's apprentice, and that they had no other evil design but to procure a good supper for themselves, at the expence of the widow's folly; that it being Carnival time, they had borrowed the above dresses; that the soldier had found the cords, and put them in his pocket; the razor was to shave himself with, and the pistol was to defend himself from any insults so strange a habit might expose him to,

in going home. The barber's apprentice said, his design also was only diversion; and that as his master was a tooth-drawer, the gag was what they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, were of some avail to them, and as they had not manifested an evil design by an overt act, they were acquitted. But the Counsellor, who had foreseen what would happen, through the insufficiency of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner were they discharged from the civil power, but the apparitor of the Archbishop of Paris seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical Prison, and in three days more they were tried, and convicted of "a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of an holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion." Therefore they were condemned to be publicly whipt, burnt on the shoulder by an hot iron, with the letters G. A. L. and sent to the galleys for fourteen years.

The sentence was executed on them the next day, on a scaffold in the Place de Greve, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators; many of whom condemned the superstition of the lady, when perhaps they would have had the same on a like occasion; since it may be supposed that if many of their stories of apparitions of saints and angels had been judiciously examined, they would have been found to be like to the above,—a gross fraud; or else, the dreams of an over-heated enthusiastic brain.

#### ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who

knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new Oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare-headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

RECIPE FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

LET your ear rings be ATTENTION, encircled by the pearls of REFINEMENT; the diamond of your neck-lace be TRUTH, and the chain CHRISTIANITY; your bosom pin be MODESTY, set with COMPASSION; your bracelets be CHARITY, ornamented with the pearls of GENTLENESS; your finger rings be AFFECTION, set round with the diamonds of INDUSTRY; your girdle be SIMPLICITY, with the tassels of GOOD-HUMOUR; let your thicker garb be VIRTUE, and your drapery POLITENESS; let your shoes be WISDOM, secured by the buckles of PERSEVERANCE.

MALVINA.

Sense seeks, and finds the thought, the thought seeks and finds genius.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To Miss \*\*\*\*\* , who presented me with a sprig of Garden-box, or

CONSTANCY.

In vain for me the lilies bloom,  
The roses shed their sweet perfume,  
All, all have lost their charms, for see  
My fair presents me Constancy—

Then who would basely faithless be,  
To her who gives him constancy?

Sweet Constancy! would'st thou but prove  
The gentle fair one's gift of love,  
Then—then beyond expression blest,  
No power should tear thee from my breast:

For who could basely faithless be,  
To her who gives him Constancy?

Ah! could I hope the charming maid,  
Had with her love, my love repaid,  
To her, in raptures I'd impart  
My Constancy with all my heart:

For I can never faithless be,  
To one who gives me Constancy.  
MALVINA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To \*\*\*\*\*.

Oh! what an heavenly witching smile,  
Plays upon thy roscat cheek;  
It speaks a heart all free from guile,  
It veils a mind above deceit.

Oh! what a piercing glance thou'dst cast,  
From the bright lustre of thine eye;  
I caught its ray as me it pass'd,  
It robb'd my bosom of a sigh.

But what to me thine eye's mild ray,  
If thou another's power dost own:  
I'll bind my heart, and haste away,  
My unrequited love to mourn.

But what thy rosy smile to me,  
If thou and heavenly virtue sever,  
I'll teach my heart to indifferent be,  
And drive thee from my thoughts forever.

ULLA.

He alone shall stem oblivion, who, in the moments and effects of his exertions, can both forget himself, and make others forget him.

From the Gentleman and Lady's Magazine, published in Edinburgh, in 1774, we select the following remarks on the ladies of that time.

COURT LADIES.

THE faces of these ladies are a compound of Warren's shop: their teeth are the productions of art; their sweet auburn hair comes from Monsieur de la Peruque, and Middleton furnishes pencils to fashion their delicate eye-brows. Art, charming art, is their favourite: vulgar Nature is far beneath their notice. And though when sleeping, they have a distant resemblance of nature, yet on the approach of night, and by the assistance of *Monsieur le Friseur, le Valet de Chambre, and Mademoiselle de Fille de Chambre*, the good Ladies begin again to be themselves. By eight at night they are completely dressed—by eleven have dined. The rest of the night they devote to charming scandal—to gaming—to dissipation—to noise, and to confusion. The day's appearance puts them in mind of retiring, and by six or seven in the morning they are in bed, fatigued, troubled, and heartily tired.

CITY LADIES.

Humble, awkward copies of Court folly and frippery! They affect to despise the delicacy and manners of the Court Ladies, at the same time that they devote the greatest part of their time in imitation of them—The French fashions have met with great encouragement from these lumps of affection and fat: and they esteem an Englishman a most uncouth, unbreed breakhead, if he cannot tell fifty lies in a breath, and chatter French like a Mappie. Their delicacy is no doubt exceeding great, for the bare mention of their husband's trade will throw them into a swoon. And indeed, no wonder! The dear creatures "hate any thing so vulgar, so fulsome, and so robustious."

Whom smiles and tears make equally lovely, all hearts may court.



SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

From the Com. Advertiser.

MR. LEWIS,

Through the medium of your paper I wish to offer the following communication. Other editors are earnestly requested to give it an insertion in their papers.

## ORPHAN'S ASYLUM SOCIETY.

The attention of the public is most respectfully solicited to the merits, the importance, and the wants of a recent but valuable institution, "The Orphan Asylum Society of New-York."

Commenced in March, 1806, there are already about twenty orphans clothed, fed, and educated under the care of this Society.—In the course of fourteen months, many of the children who knew not the alphabet when they entered, can now read the Bible fluently, and their progress in writing is also considerable.—As yet, a hired building has sufficed, but the increasing number of Orphans, and the propriety of a permanent and extensive Asylum, have induced the venerable Clergy of New-York almost unanimously to propose a general collection in their several churches.

Christian friends, and fellow Citizens!—you will rejoice in this opportunity of affording your bountiful and efficient aid to this more than common charity.—Each minister will appoint in his own congregation, the day most proper for taking up the desired contribution, and many a good Samaritan will be found to pour oil and wine into the wounds of bereaved infancy.—To you especially who are Parents, how strong is the appeal! When you retire from the busy world to the bosoms of your families, and your hearts yearn over your tender offspring, suppose them deprived by death of the shield of a father's love, and of a mother's affectionate heart, exposed to the storms of adversity without a home, and without a hope; and under the influence of the sentiment then awakened, prepare your offering for the relief of orphans.—Are there in life objects more interesting, more helpless, so much entitled to your beneficence?—Whilst you admire the active benevolence of that tender sex, so much the more admirable as God's minister's of charity, cherish by your munificence the hearts of those Ladies, whose fair hands are employed in raising an Asylum for destitute Orphans who have neither father, nor mother, nor friend, to protect them.—What those Ladies have already effected with slender means, you will gratify the best feelings of the heart, by investigating at the present temporary Asylum in Henry street, at Greenwich. Few have visited these orphans without shedding tears of compassion and delight. You are ear-

nestly invited to participate in this pleasure, truly refined.

Four lots of ground are already purchased; and there is reason to hope, the patronage of a people so famed for benevolence as the citizens of New-York, to the measures adopted of an universal collection at all the churches, will produce a fund fully adequate to the erection of a handsome and commodious building. It will be an external ornament to our city, and an internal consolation to all its inhabitants.

MERCATOR.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is with pleasure we announce to the public, that the Life of WASHINGTON, by Ramsay, is ready for, and will be put to press in a few days, in this city. Several gentlemen, who have seen the manuscript, do not hesitate to pronounce it, what would naturally be expected from the author and subject, a work of the most classic elegance. It will be comprised in one volume octavo, and printed in an elegant manner. [Cit.]

What force of language can the bliss impart,  
Th' impetuous joy that glows in either heart,  
When, with delicious agony, the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;  
O'er all the nerves, what tender tumults roll,  
When love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

## MARFIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. B.ishop Moore, Alexander M. Becke, esq. to Miss Mary M. Roorbach, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Forrester, Mr. John McNeal, to Miss Hannah Smith, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. J. Williams, Mr. Thomas Cave, merchant, to Miss Susan Sacklin, both of this city.

At Harlem, on Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Romaine, Mr. Wm. Kelly, merchant, to Miss Eliza Wilkins, all of that place.

At Elizabeth-town, Mr. Joseph Carson, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, of Elizabeth-town.

At Albany, Mr. Christopher Leffingwell, jun. son of Christopher Leffingwell, esq. of Norwich, Conn. to Miss Margaret Chesney, of this city.

## DIED.

On the evening of Friday, the 29th ult. in the 53d year of his age, John Craig, esq. Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. John Sullivan.

Just Received, and for sale by J. OSBORNE, 15 Park, price 1 dollar and fifty cents, A New NOVEL, entitled—"The Memoirs of CHARLES WEINSCOTE."

In which is introduced the History of the MONK FRANCISCO;  
Translated from the French of M. D. F.  
May 30

## E. T. LONGBEOTHOM, SURGEON DENTIST.

Late pupil to Mr. Whitewood, of London, OFFERS his services in the line of his profession to the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity. His residence is no. 41 Murray street, where all messages are requested to be left in writing. Mr. L. will attend any lady or gentleman at their own house, and to those families that are numerous, Boarding Schools, or other Seminaries, desirous of his regular attendance, his charges will be more moderate than persons thoroughly conversant with their profession usually make.

His Dentifrice, at one dollar per box, with brushes in sets, or otherwise, may be had as above. A deduction of one shilling will be made on each empty box, or brush handle returned. June 6.

Just Received,  
A handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS.

Of the newest fashion, for sale by  
N. SMITH,

Medical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hall Broadway. Also, SMITH'S Purified Chemical wash ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin, from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's marocquo pouches for travelling, with all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of roses for smelling bottles. Violet & palm soap 2s. per square. His chemical blacking cakes 1s. 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s. a lb.

His Circassian or Antique oil for curling, glowing and thickening the hair, and prevent it from turning grey 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft pomatums 1s. per fat or roll. Rolled ditto 2s.

His improved chemical milk of roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburn; has not its equal for whitening the skin to remove old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—printed directions accompany it—6, 9 & 12s. a bottle, or three dollars a quart.

His pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from falling off or turning grey 4s. & 8s. a pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s. a pound.

Violet double scented ditto, 1s. 6d. do.

Beautiful rose powder, 2s. 6d. do.

His white almond wash ball, 2s. & 3s. each.—common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s.—ditto vegetable ditto 3s. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness, and chaps & leaves the skin smooth, 2 & 4s. a box.

Succinate royal paste for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions. 4 & 8s. per pot.

His chemical Dentifrice tooth powder, for the teeth and gums, 2 & 4s. a box.

SMITH'S assortment in this line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Great allowance to those who buy in sell again. May 16.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES

*On visiting the grave of the little girl who died from a snake-bite.*

Poor babe! poor babe! who brot' me here?  
 For now my heart begins to bleed,  
 Enough I've mourn'd the horrid deed!  
 Enough for you have dropp'd the tear!

Yes, when your story sad was read,  
 No more I talk'd, no more I smil'd,  
 My soul in horror all recoild,  
 Sleep long that night my pillow fled.

In vain I strove to think no more,  
 In vain to close my heavy eyes,  
 Your scene of suffering would arise,  
 And bid my tears in torrents pour.

Sometimes your image would appear,  
 Peaceful as when at first the book  
 Into your little hands you took,  
 And little thought what doom was there.

And then the tyrant's threats were heard,  
 And then to see you sob and cry,  
 Your infant accents vainly try,  
 In vain to name the FATAL word.

Then eager eye again the page,  
 But fear and anguish cloud your sight,  
 Still farther farther from the right,  
 Still, fiercer still, the tyrant's rage.

And then the murdering rods combin'd,  
 And then your frantic look and shriek—  
 Is there a heart that would not break,  
 Or then for you some succour find?

Weak was the pity \* that could see  
 A child, but only six years old,  
 A winter's day, intensely cold,  
 Bound seven times naked to a tree.

Cold, cold, indeed, that blast did blow,  
 That caus'd you faint'ring to entreat,

"Oh, uncle, let me warm my feet,"—  
 'Midst all your complicated wo.

But why your suffering still deplore!  
 The dreadful hour has long been past,  
 No more you'll hear the wintry blast,  
 No pain nor grief can touch you more.

Yet oh! it was not always so,—  
 Your little image re-appears  
 In bleeding wounds, and freezing tears,  
 Your little life at ebb and flow.

Cease, fancy, cease? 'tis now no more—  
 And let the green sod wrap the clay;  
 Why would'st thou draw the veil away  
 And o'er the pale corpse sorrowing pore.

Why o'er the little mournful face,  
 The mangled limbs, the clay cold breast,  
 The little hands together prest,  
 The scene of death again retrace?

Happy the bark, from stormy deeps  
 Moor'd safely at some friendly shore!  
 On her life's tempests beat no more,  
 She wakes to bliss, or sweetly sleeps.

Oh world of wrongs! can this be so!  
 But loudly speaks this little grave,  
 There is a power above will have  
 Vengeance for every wrong below.

How sad the spot... now fades the day—  
 Its gloom hangs heavy at my heart...  
 Poor innocent! I must depart,  
 And to the village haste away.

There to enquire your mother's fate,  
 And if time's lenient hand has brought  
 Reason to her distracted thought,  
 Or still she, frantic, cries, "Too late!"

"Too late, my murder'd child! too late!  
 "Ah monster, art thou now secure!  
 "Restore my murder'd child! restore—  
 "Ah, no! too late! too late! too late!"

\* It appears that Arnold's wife was a witness  
 to the scene.  
 † Till the great day of resurrection.

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

THE TEAR.

How seldom, in this desert vale,  
 Congenial happiness we find;  
 Seldom, that friendship's steady gale  
 E'en mates the drooping mind!

Some passing breeze to sorrow dear,  
 Dries but awhile the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,  
 When, blighted by distrust, they die;  
 We feel the sun of bliss depart,  
 And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!  
 Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,  
 Dried but awhile the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,  
 Shall yet the wearied soul repose?  
 Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day  
 An everlasting sabbath close!  
 Fresh from the tree of life, is near  
 The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

Here, far from all the pomp ambition seeks,  
 Much sought, but only whilst untaxed prais'd;  
 Content and Innocence with rosy cheeks,  
 Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

On a grey rock it stands, whose fretted base  
 The distant cataract's murmuring waters lave;  
 Whilst o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,  
 The slender branches of the white birch wave.

Behind the forest fir is heard to sigh,  
 On which the pensive ear delights to dwell;  
 And, as the gazing stranger passes by,  
 The grazing goat looks up, and rings his bell.

Oh! in my native land, o'er life's decline,  
 May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine.

ON LIFE.

Our life is like a winter's day,  
 Some only breakfast and away;  
 Others to dinner stay and are full fed,  
 The oldest only sups and goes to bed.  
 Large is his debt who lingers out the day,  
 Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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